Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

TEPHEN M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor.

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DEALER IN BLOOMFIELD. cer." The lady walked to another part of Goods delivered throughout Bloomfield and the ship, and the captain smiled and took a

Miscellann.

THE OUTCAST. She died all alone, To shed for this outcast

A pitying tear.
Or pillow her comfortless head. She died all alone In darkness of night The stars looked down On this pitiful sight,

She died all alone, This child of despair ; Was freighted with grief And laden with care-

Unblemished her soul. And spotless as truth, Was her blush in life'e early morn. But came there an hour

When tempted by sin, She fell like mortal From sin unto sin, and drank of the wormwood to gall She tasted the dregs

Of bottomless pit, Cast out from the world

A thing that's mufit To mix with the rest of mankind. The · buffet and hoot This child in her crime, Though guilty are they In eye that's divine

Speak to such kindly, And smooth back their hair, Tell them there's hope for those in despair-Tell them, though erring, they still may regain Their woman's high crowning ; They've but to abandon the by-ways of shaile

And crown themselves won . 1 again. She wandered from home, Denying her name, She would not pollute Her parents' fair fame, Nor mantle their cheek with a blush .

She buried her grief, And sank in her shame, Down, down to the de; the She so suddenly came, And wondered if God was severe. She raised up her eye,

To offer a prayer,

But faltered her tongue 'Twas mute with despair. Though angels were waiting to save. Her prayer was a sigh That God would be kind, And hide in darkness.

Her sins from her mind.

And give her composure and rest. She longed for waters; Stepped into the pool, Drauk of the fountain, Was washed and made whole-With angels drew near to God.

Was heard there a sound In Heaven so clear, As when this sinner, Repentant drew near, To sit at the feet of the Lamb Clothed in new garments. With never a stain. Come as an angel Or seraphim came,

P. A. PERKHAM.

VARIETIES A nautical monogram—the crest of

The drunkard appears to have no particular mission in life. He seems to think he is put in this world just to "fill up."

that people do not suffer after their heads I would not pain and disgrace my respecta-

guillotine tells a different story. The most astonishing case of spontaneous nuptials has occurred in Hardin County. Iowa, where a couple were recently married, and after the ceremony, the bride was obliged to ask her husband what her new name, and retiring at night with a bottle of name was. The parties had been acquainted laudanum and a brace of pistols, awake no

only a few hours. A speaker celebrating Washington's Birthday, who was a little flustered at being suddenly called to his feet to respond to the first toast, began his remarks by saying, in New York requesting my presence on a Mr. President. I am sorry he cannot be no unnecessary luggage. What did "an unwith us on this occasion.

The young folks in Newark, Ohio, have change of linen ? had a dance for the benefit of a church, and cleared \$50. The church declined the money to another church, but were repulsed in the ney, with a determined spirit. same way. Perhaps they will now spend the money which it is so hard to get rid of in some additional festivity-may be, an

A Kentucky legislator was recently misshe replied that he had been sick. Being who shall find me dead. asked what the matter was-"Well," said he "some folks call it nervous chills; others fashioned drunk."

A witty scientist once silenced a London like one going to his own funeral. fishwomen who was pouring out at him a flood of vile talk, by hurling at her, in emphatic tones, the language of palæontology, thus:- "You ichthyosaurus, you pterodactyl, I'll send you to the paleozoic regions; I'll evident. feed you on cepharopods, and saurians shall consume your parietals." In blank silence the woman stared at her enemy, and

did not utter a word in reply. A Chicago parson, who is also a school teacher, handed a problem to his class in mathematics, the other day. The first boy took it, looked at it awhile, and said: " pass." Second boy took it, and said: turn it down." The third boy stared at it awhile, and drawled out: "I can't make it." "Very good, boys," said the parson, "we will proceed to cut for a new deal;" and, with this remark, the leather strap danced like lightning over the shoulders of those

depraved young mathematicians. "And have you no other sons?" asked a curious lady of a bronzed old sea captain. "Oh, yes, madam. I had one that lived in the South Sea Islands for nearly a dozen years!" "Really! Was he bred there, and what was his taste-the sea or land?" "No. madam, he wasn't bread, he was meatleast-ways the niggers ate him; and as for his taste—the chief said he tasted of terbacfresh quid of ."terbaceer" himself.

HIS LUCKY NUMBER.

"Every one has a lucky number," said the old gentleman. "Mine is twenty-one." were painted in black letters on a white oval. Twenty-one-twenty-nine. Not much difference, you see, 21, 29; very like, indeed; and yet because I chose the number without a flourish and a long leg, I am here todry, and have had a long and h. ppy life. I should have been the occupant of a sui-

twenty-nine. it a lottery or a draft, a conscription, or chairs and a brass shovel and tongs stood what? Was it a game ?-was it ?"

"It was the number on a door," said the old gentleman. Wait a minute; I'll tell you all about it."

at some time in his life. At twenty-five I I put the landlord to the trouble of breakwas nothing to be compared to me.

object. Not only because she was beautisinger. She sang soprano in the church a voice. "I told you you didn't lock it. choir. And I have heard strangers whisper there?" When she sang her part alone,

eard its equal. good while, but she was as shy as any bird, nd I couldn't satisfy myself as to her feelgs. So I made up my mind to ask and Jessie.

ow for certain. One evening as I walked home from a litparty where we had met, with her on my . I stopped under a great willow tree, took her hand in mine and said : "You didn't sleep a wink last night,"

Jessie, I love you better than my lifevou marry me ?" waited for an answer. ne gave none.

essie," I said, "won't you speak to

en she did speak. o-oh, dear, no!" fered her my arm again, and took her without a word. She did not speak She had told me before that she would start with the dawn to visit an aunt in New York, but I did not even say goodbye at the door. I bowed; that was all. Then when she went out of sight, and I stood alone in the village street, I f.lt des-

perate enough to kill myself. What had I done to have so cold a refusal? Why should she scorn me so? Oh, dear, no! I grew furious as I repeated the

Yet it stung me all the same, I tossed from side to side of the bed all night, and The Graphic: Dr. Brown-Sequard thinks thought I could endure it no longer. But are off. But the victims of the political ble relatives by committee suicide in the place wherein they dwelt and were well known and thought of. I would rather go to New York-even then a large city-and seeking some hotel, register an assumed more, and so be rid of my misery. I arranged my affairs to the best of my ability, and received an imaginary letter from a friend "Washington was a great and good man, matter of business. I burdened myself with known suicide" want of another coat and a

I kissed my mother and sister and startled because of the dancing. Then the benevo- my grandfather by an embrace, and started lent Terpsichoreans tried to give the money upon what I mentally called my last jour-

There was a certain hotel to which many of the people of our village were in the habit of going. This I avoided. Another chosen at a hazard seemed to be better. ing for three days. The fourth found him Thither I walked, determined to those who back in his seat. To the inquiries of friends, knew me-no clue to my identity to those

I had no mark upon my clothing, no card pronounce it a kind of affection of the heart; paper or letter with me. I had torn the but, to be candid, I call it a plain case of old- hatter's mark from my beaver. As I ascended the hotel steps I felt, so to speak,

> A grinning waiter bowed before me. pert clerk lifted up his head and started. was an ordinary traveler to them, that was

> It was late in the evening, the place wore an air of repose. Laughing and a faint chink of glasses in an inner apartment told of some conviviality. One old man read his newspapers before the fire. Nothing else was

I asked for a room. The clerk nodded. "Do you care what floor?" he asked. I shook my head. "Number twenty-nine is empty," he said,

and tossed a key to the waiter, whom I folstairs. At its door the waiter paused.

"Thought he said twenty-nine," he mut-

"Then open twenty-one with it," I said ; "I don't care for the number of the room." and passed along a few steps further.

tered. "The key is twenty-one."

door pushed it open.

I answered "No," and he left me, having

put the candle on my bureau. The hour had come. As I shut the door Twenty-nine might have been an unlucky a heavy sigh escaped me. Alas! that life number for me. Yet I didn't know it; both had become so woeful a thing to me that I should want to be rid of it.

> In the dim light of my one candle I paced the floor, and thought bitterly of the girl I

It was in the days of curtained beds. The bed in this room was hung with dark chintz; inquired : so were the windows. Over the bureau was cide's grave so many years ago had I chosen a looking glass with a portrait of a lady in puffed sleeves and high comb at the top by "I really can't understand," said I. "Was way of ornament. There were four stiff guard beside the grate. I fancied myself lying dead on the bed amidst all these belongings and felt sorry for myself. Then I took my pistols from my portmanteau, and I was very much in love; everybody is leaving the door unlocked, for why should was desperate. Talk about Romeo! He ing it open? I lay down upon the bed, drew the cuatains, took a pistol in each hand, and, I'm not ashamed of it. She was a worthy as true as I speak to you, had the muzzle of each to a temple, when some one opened tiful, but she was good and amiable, and such the door,, and-"There, now, Jessie," said dignified lady walked into the store. and,

to each other, "Is there really an angel up the key to the office by the chaimbermaid." see that he should suffer no loss, and by dear and sweet her voice was. I've never the curtains. There were two ladies in the room-one an old lady in a brown front Well, I loved her, and I thought she lov- of a false curls; the other my lady love, I me : but I wasn't sure. I courted her a Jessie Gray. For a moment I fancied I must be dreaming.

"Sure it is the right number?" asked

"Twenty-one, yes," said the other. "And here's my ben't box. Oh, dear, I'm sleepy. "I am not." said Jessie. "I wish I war,

said the aunt. "Nor you haven't eaten your meals to-day. You'll go into a decline if you go on that way. I'll see Dr. Black

about you tomorrow." "I don't want Dr. Black to be called, ighed Jessie. "I'd rather die." "What's the matter?" cried the old lady. You are not yourself. You don't eat nor

sleep, and you cry perpetually. What ails

"I'm miserable," said Jessie. "Why?" asked her aunt. "Oh, aunt," said Jessic, "it's all your fault. You told me over and over again that a girl must never jump at an offer; that : man must be refused at least once, or he'd not value a girl. And I liked him so; and oh, he liked me. And when he asked me I felt so glad. Aunt, I remembered what you said, and I-oh how could I do it? I said, 'Oh, dear, no! and he left me

without a word. And I'm so sorry! oh so sorry! because I love him, aunt." "You little goose!" cried the old lady. As for me, you fancy, how I felt. I had no thought of suicide now. My desire was to live and ask that question of mine over again. I pocketed my pistols and crept down on the other side of the bed. I stepped toward the bureau and blew out the andle. The faint red light of fire was still in the room. As I dashed out at the door I heard two female screams, but I escaped in

I met the waiter on the stairs.

"Found out the mistake, sir," he said Just coming to rectify it.' "Don't mention it," I said. "I'm very glad—that is, it don't matter. Here is dod"

five doller bill. "He said "Thank ye, sir," but I saw that he thought me crazy. He was confirmed in his opinion when, as I passed to the door

something for your trouble," and I gave him

of my own room, I cried: "Heaven bless twenty-one! It's a lucky

But I never was saner than I was then. and never half so happy. Of course I proposed to Jessie the very

next day, and I need not tell you that her

answer was not "Oh, dear, no." And that's

Change in the Coliseum.

why I call twenty-one my lucky number.

tomed. Horses and carts are busy coming ly inquired, "if he would not follow good and going, carrying away the earth which advice ?" is in process of removal, to a depth of a dozmore than a hundred years the Flavian and then let her do just as she pleases?" We reached the room by two flights of amphitheatre has been consecrated to rethe arena, have been the objects before carry away "the little darlings." which devout groups have gathened. Every cerned, that by kissing the cross an indul-"Twenty-one," he said, and unlocking a gence of one hundred days may be purchased. The cross and the shrines are now sume y's old character of a classical ruin, manity, lost a friend,

Parepa in Boston.

A writer in the Boston Journal gives the following recollections of the late Parepa-Rosa : Parepa's second series of concerts in America were given in Boston. Happening into the music store where the tickets were being sold, one day, she sat at the counter looking over the latest publications. when a tall, cadaverous Yankee from the backwoods approached the ticket-seller and

"Dew yeou sell them air Paripper tickets

"We do," was the reply.

"Does she sing by ear or by note?" was the next question, but all further conversa tion was drowned in laughter, in which the great prima donna most heartily joined.

Upon one occasion when she was to sing in a New England city, a few miles from Boston, the crowd at the ticket officewhich was in a small music store-was so large that every pane of glass in the counter was broken. The poor shopkeeper was in a state of terrible anxiety, and feared that he should lose his entire stock, when a large seeing the condition of affairs, restored har-"I did," said another voice, "and sent mony by telling the shopman that she would I laid the pistol down and peeped through her very presence quieting the entire as-

semblage. It was Parepa. At the first Jubilee held in Boston this great singer was one of the principal features, as is well known. After one of the concerts, at which she had held the audience of afty thousand people spell-bound with her grand interpretation of "Let the bright seraphim," she was congratulated by a friend upon her wordrons singing. "Not to me does the praise belong," modestly and sincerely replied the artist "but to my Maker,

who gave me the talent I possess." Her constint good nature was one of her fortunate heritages, and she had the happy faculty, through her strong magnetism, of producing harmony from discord. On one occasion a pompous and troublesome artist refused to perform a piece because it was "placed too near the beginning of a programme." "Never mind," said Pareps, "I will change places with him," which she did, receiving immense applause, and she never found that artist troublesome again, for he saw and appreciated her disposition to yield

a little for the general good.

She pronounced the Handel and Haydn Society the best choral organization in America, and she assured the writer that she took greater pleasure in singing with that body than with any other. She regarded the members, nearly one thousand in number, almost as personal friencs. One day at rebearsal she inquired why a tempopary flight of stairs were placed in front of the stage. "They are expressly for your use." was the auswer. She quickly and amilingly answered: "I declare, I won't sing unless I can come in with the rest of the girls." On the occasion of a benefit to Mr. Lothian, of the Beston Theatre, a few seasons since, Miss Meblig was prevented from appearing, and Parepa (who was sitting in a private) hearing of the fact, and not wishing the beneficiary nor the audience to be disappointed, asked permission to replace the absent artist and amid the greatest applause she appeared in walking-dress and hat, and when the audience had testified its acknowledgement of her kindness she sang very appropriately, "As I'd nothing else to

On the last day of her farewell visit to Boston, as the writer was making a friendly parting call, the prima donna very warmly expressed her admiration of Boston, which city she considered her home when in America, and said she hoped some day to return here and establish an opera house of her own, where she could give opera for four months in the year, for four nights of the week, "Then," she continued, "I can reside in Boston during the winter, and make occasional concert tours throughout the country." Alas! that the artist's hopes

could not be realized. During this interview Parepa sang several songs (Carl Rosa playing the accom-The arena enclosed within the walls of the paniment). I was not the only auditor, for Coliseum is now the scene of extensive ex- the corridor of the hotel was crowded with cavations. The theatre of the gross amuse- the servants. These songs had been set to ments of the ancient Romans, in which the music by her husband, who was too modest blood of so many gladiators and Christian to publish them, thinking that the works martyrs has poured out, presents a scene to did not possess sufficient merit. "What which visitors have not before been accus- would you do with the little man," she arch-

Her strong, unwavering devotion to her en or fitteen feet, or down to the original husband and graceful deference to his wishes level. As fir as the work has yet gone, were noticed by all who were intimately enough has been discovered to interest thos: acquainted with the happy pair. "What is curious in the studies of the past, and the the use of having a husband?" she would throng of visitors every day increases. For ask, "if he is not to tell his wife what to do,

She always desired to pet every child who ligious rites, and the dozen tabernacles of came near her, and several times she almost the via crusis, and the cross in the centre of frightened their mothers by pretending to

She was generous-hearted to a fault. She visitor has read the inscription which lets gave thousands of dollars in charity with "No, sir-to be sure, sir," said the waiter, it be known to all sinners, and others con- out the knowledge of the world and nothing annoyed her more than to have her good deeds beralded. Many a manager has occasion to bless her memory, and many an artist dates success from her encouragement. "Shall I bring you anything sir?" he to be removed, and the Coliseum will re- In her death not only has music, but ha

